

Sweet Pops by tinyarmedtrex

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: M/M, Sugar Daddy AU, age gap, and eddie with more booty than he knows what to do with, lotsa banter, richie with more money than he needs

Language: English

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-16

Updated: 2019-12-11

Packaged: 2019-12-13 03:06:32

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 9,591

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie was considering closing the app, maybe trying to get some work done, when a profile caught his eye. It was different than the others. First off, the guy was fully clothed, a rarity on this app. Second, he was glaring at the camera, his expression full of such annoyance that Richie felt bad for the person holding the camera. Richie loved it, he loved the glimpse of personality and that this guy clearly didn't give a fuck about how his profile was supposed to look. So he clicked on the link, holding back a snort as he read the bio. Eddie- 24- No fucking nicknames- I don't want any sugar, just the cash.

1. Chapter 1

Richie was staring down at his phone, flicking through the profiles on Candy Pops!, the sugar daddy app that he'd signed up for after a night of drinking with Bev. By the time he was up and moving the next day, he'd forgotten about it- until his phone pinged with a message, something to the effect of *'hey daddy you seem like you'd be huge!'* with several emojis. After calling Bev and checking that he didn't do anything else stupid, he'd scrolled through the app, reading through some profiles, his thumb hovering over the 'delete' button but never hitting it. He'd never thought of himself as a sugar daddy, someone who sent younger people money in exchange for a variety of favors, but he decided to keep the app. He had more money than he needed and less time and energy than he wanted for things like dating so it seemed like a good combination. He was on tour too often to have any real relationship; everyone he dated seemed to only want him for his fame or money anyway- at least the people on Candy Pops were honest about it.

Still, he decided to keep his real name and face hidden, instead opting for a cartoon-y avatar picture. He was famous enough that people recognized him on the street, clamoring for autographs from the comedian and occasional actor, and he didn't want it getting out that he was on an app like this. He knew it would be all over page six- *'Richie Tozier can't get a date! Worthless slob uses hook up app instead!'* . Okay, he knew it wouldn't read exactly like that but the mere thought of ending up on page six kept him anonymous.

Since signing up, he'd gotten lots of dms, mostly from people telling him that he looked like he had a huge dick and then asking for a hundred dollars to pay for rent. He'd responded to a couple, met some that he was sure had no interest in comedy or his real name, but overall no one kept his attention. Everyone just wanted sex and flirting - he knew that was the point but he at least wanted some damned banter, someone to talk to before they not so gently reminded him that they had three starving cats to feed.

Tonight, he was on his tour bus scrolling through the profiles. Most of the profiles were the same, shirtless men grinning at the camera or

women in low cut shirts winking at him. It got the job done, he supposed. One of the things he liked about the app was that people were clear about what they wanted, it wasn't like dating where you had to interpret every sigh or text. Here, people wanted cash and they were clear about what they'd be willing to do for it.

Richie was considering closing the app, maybe trying to get some work done, when a profile caught his eye. It was different than the others. First off, the guy was fully clothed, a rarity on this app. Second, he was glaring at the camera, his expression full of such annoyance that Richie felt bad for the person holding the camera. Richie loved it, he loved the glimpse of personality and that this guy clearly didn't give a fuck about how his profile was supposed to look.

So he clicked on the link, holding back a snort as he read the bio.

*Eddie- 24- No **fucking** nicknames- I don't want any sugar, just the cash.*

"Alright there Eds, fucking relax." He muttered, flipping through the other photos. There were some others of him looking pissed but in a few he was smiling, one he was even laughing. Richie was impressed how much it changed his face, it made him seem so much younger and carefree. The last photo, buried at the end, was the standard app photo- Eddie looking over his shoulder at a mirror, wearing only tiny red shorts that showed off his ass and biting his bottom lip.

"Fuck." Richie adjusted himself, glancing up to see if his manager had notice. He hadn't.

Making a quick decision, he pulled up the message option and typed a quick message. *'Hey cutey, with a booty like that why do u need \$\$\$?'*

Richie put his phone down, knowing that the guy probably wouldn't reply right away. He got lost trying to write some jokes, not picking up his phone for several hours.

When he did, the first thing he noticed was several messages.

The first one read: *'I said no nicknames asshole.'* It made Richie smirk, the guy was a spitfire.

The second was an apology. *‘Shit, I’m not very good at this. That’s probably why no one has responded.’*

Then, *‘I’m in college. One gap year turned into five and now I need some cash’*

The final one was, *‘But I was serious, I don’t want to have sex’.*

Richie laughed. This guy was prickly and clearly not super confident in this. Richie liked it, he liked when people knew their boundaries and were honest about them. And he couldn’t get that last picture out of his mind.

He tapped out a quick reply, *‘If u used that last pic as ur profile pic u’d probably get some lovin’.*

Then, to keep the guy talking, he sent a quick 20 dollars with the note ‘for more red shorts’.

The reply was instant this time. *‘I’m not changing it. And your grammar sucks’*

Richie grinned. He was definitely not changing his grammar now. He leaned back on the couch, kicking his feet up as he texted, *‘U an english major Eds?’*

‘No nicknames. I’m a business major’

‘Then u should know that that pic is good 4 business’

He watched the three dots appear and disappear a few times. Then finally. *‘I’ll send you another, if you want.’*

‘I do want. How much money do u need?’ Richie wasn’t going to pretend this was something other than what it was. He knew the reason they were talking was because Eddie needed cash and he was happy to provide.

‘Consider this one on the house.’

A second later, Richie’s phone pinged with an attachment. He opened it. This one was Eddie in the mirror again, this time turned sideways

to show off the perfect curve of his ass. He was still only wearing the shorts but he was winking at Richie- and also giving him the middle finger.

Richie might be in love.

'Damn that ass, u a runner?' Richie asked.

'Running and squats. When do I get a pic of you?'

Richie chuckled. *'Eager much? That's not usually how this works.'* That wasn't totally true; a lot of the 'daddies' had pictures up, ones of silver haired men trying to look younger, but it wasn't totally uncommon to not have one.

'But what if I wanna see you?' Eddie asked and another attachment popped up, this time a pouting Eddie, his bottom lip pushed out and eyes big. It was cute and he smiled into his phone. Maybe he was wrong about this guy's confidence level.

'For some1 who isnt good at this ur pretty good at this' Richie replied. He debated for a second then, *'What if i call you? 2nite. No face but u can hear my voice'*

The dots appeared again, Eddie was either writing a novel or debating if this was a good idea. Finally he sent one word- *'Okay.'*

That was when Richie noticed that his manager had been staring at him, probably for several minutes, waiting for him to notice so they could discuss that night's show. They were stopping in Oklahoma - he was always surprised when the more conservative states requested him, especially since his new show was called *'Out of the closet and into the limelight'*, but he always sold out and left to a standing ovation. Tonight was no different.

It was nearly midnight by the time he made it to his room and only then did he realize that he didn't know Eddie's time zone.

'U still up?' He asked, stripping off his clothes and falling into bed. He hated lumpy hotel mattress but it was still better than the tour bus, where he couldn't fully stretch out.

It took a few minutes for Eddie to reply. *‘Yea I was doing homework but I can chat.’*

Richie pressed call on the app, connecting him to Eddie. The other man answered on the first ring. “Hey there.” Eddie sounded a little shy, not what Richie had been expecting from their banter earlier.

“Hey Eds, what homework are you working on?”

“Not my name. And Tax. It sucks.”

Richie hummed. He wasn’t sure what to talk about. Normally these calls were ‘pretend I’m touching you, yes baby right there’ but he was pretty sure Eddie would bite his head off if he so much as mentioned his dick.

“Why’d you start college so late?” He asked, deciding to go with the only piece of information he had.

“Wow you’re fucking nosey.” Eddie snapped then, a second later, “Shit, sorry.”

Richie chuckled. “Fucking fiery. That’s sexy. You don’t have to tell me.”

“No it’s fine. I guess if this is gonna be- whatever this is- you deserve to know.” Eddie sighed deeply then explained. “My mom kicked me out when I was seventeen so I was on my own for a long time. I worked at some shitty places, eventually became a mechanic and now I want to open my own shop. Well, turns out you need a fucking degree for that. And college is expensive. Do you know how much my books were this semester? 600 fucking dollars. And one of them is just a CD. A fucking CD. It’s bullshit.”

“Capitalism.” Richie commented, smiling into the phone. He liked this rant, Eddie sounded so annoyed, Richie wished he could see him.

“So a friend told me to try this. It’s not really my thing but like, fuck it right? What do I have to lose?”

“Hopefully those shorts.”

“Fuck off.” Eddie said, but Richie heard the smile. They were quiet for a second then Eddie asked, “What do you want? I don’t know how this works.”

“World peace Eds.” He replied, getting up to make himself a drink.

Eddie scoffed. “From me, asshole.”

Richie paused, thinking as he poured. He wasn’t sure. “What are you comfortable with?”

“None of this is in my comfort zone.” Eddie said but then he laughed. “But college is about new experiences right?” Richie heard him moving then it sounded like he fell on his bed. “I guess pictures. This, talking on the phone. I don’t want phone sex. I’d be fine with video chatting though.”

“Ah Eds you can’t show me that face then tell me no phone sex.”

“Shut up asshole. How does that sound?”

“Amazing. Pics for cash works for me.”

“Good. Okay.” Eddie exhaled. “Anything else?”

“What do you like? Do you just want cash or can I send gifts?” Richie liked giving presents. It was something he prided himself on so he hoped Eddie said yes.

“Oh.” He sounded surprised. “I guess gifts. As long as they aren’t gross.”

“No edible panties, fine.” Richie said, already thinking of sending him chocolates or flowers since he could do it through the app.

“That sounds disgusting.”

“It’s one of the tamer things out there, baby. You aren’t a virgin, right?” Richie didn’t want anyone’s first experience to be like this.

“Hardly. Why do you think my mom finally caught on that I was gay?” Eddie sounded proud.

“Seventeen year old Eds, gettin’ some.” Richie laughed, taking a long drink. “I can only imagine.”

“Yea it was good- till my mom walked in to me and my boyfriend fucking doggystyle in my bed.” Eddie scoffed. “At least she’ll remember that till she dies.”

“What a rebel.” Richie liked this, talking to Eddie. The two fell into an easy conversation, Eddie telling Richie about his unintended gap years and Richie relieving some of his college memories. Richie didn’t realize how long they’d talked for until he glanced at the clock.

“Well I hate to do this but I think I need to go to sleep. Don’t study too hard, baby.”

“No fucking nicknames.” Eddie chided but Richie thought he sounded amused. “What should I call you? Do you guys all like to be called Daddy?”

Richie grimaced. “Please, daddy was my father.” Eddie snorted ruefully. “You can call me something else though.”

“Like what?”

“Up to you, sugar lips.”

Eddie hummed. “Papa? Credit Card?” Richie laughed. “I’ll think about it.” Eddie decided then yawned. “I’ll talk to you soon, Richie.”

“Bye, Eds.”

He hung up, finishing his drink and falling asleep. When he woke up the next morning, he had a picture from Eddie. PG this time, just his smiling face with a *‘good morning dick, you kept me up too late’* under it. Then another message *‘how does anyone get dick out of Richard?’*

Immediately, Richie texted him back *‘ U ask nicely. :p’*

As Richie showered and got dressed, he thought about the money portion of this. He knew that most people would send less since without the promise of nudes but he didn’t mind- as long as Eddie

kept those shorts. He set up a 50 dollar weekly transfer, deciding to start lower and add more later.

When he checked his phone, Eddie had already replied, *'You're disgusting'*

He laughed, sending Eddie another quip. The two messaged on and off throughout the day. And called each other again that night.

And the next night and day.

And so on.

This went on for weeks, until Richie's day didn't feel complete without talking to Eddie. He loved hearing about the younger man's day, about his shitty shift at a coffee shop (who the fuck doesn't know that a grande is a large? Fucking morons) or his terrible classmates (they tried to submit a tik tok as an assignment! My grade depends on this idiots!). Eddie could rant at the drop of a hat and Richie adored it, everything seemed to set him off- including Richie. There were several times Eddie threatened to hang up on him for a bad joke or new nickname- he never did though, he suspected that Eddie secretly liked it.

Mostly, he let Eddie talk about his day because Richie was still refusing to tell Eddie his job. He couldn't, the risk that Eddie would find out who he was was too great. He didn't think Eddie would hold it against him or threaten to go to the police but he still couldn't bring himself to be honest. He liked this, the anonymity of it. It was safer.

Eddie would ask him other things instead, picking up on the fact that Richie didn't want to tell him about his job. He shared stories of his childhood (I was the hit of the neighborhood Eds, big coke glasses and buck teeth. All the ladies wanted me. Sure, Richie, sure) and talked about his amazing parents. Eddie seemed to like hearing about them, maybe because his childhood wasn't so good.

"I'm starting to think you're actually a famous politician. Some republican. That's why you won't show me your face." Eddie commented twenty minutes into their now nightly chat.

"Oh I like this theory, who do you think I am?" Richie kicked off his shoes and fell on the bed.

"One of the nasty ones. Mitch McConnell, maybe."

"Hmm, he does have a certain charm." Richie said, yawning widely.

"Am I boring you?" Eddie asked, his voice teasing. Richie was learning a lot about Eddie. First and foremost that he loved to tease Richie about anything and everything. Richie had also learned something about himself- he loved that. He loved that Eddie didn't hold back or worry about seeming rude. It was refreshing.

After Eddie's first snapback, Richie had sent him a package of hot tamales and a stuffed plushie that looked like a flame. Eddie had sent him reaction pictures, him rolling his eyes and giving Richie the middle finger. But then later, he'd gotten one of Eddie in bed with the flame, telling him he liked sleeping next to something so hot. Richie saved that picture. There was something sweet about it, Eddie in bed, in shorts and an oversized t-shirt, his hair was mussed. He looked adorable. It made Richie wish he could have something more, something like that.

He had quickly shoved that thought away.

"Hardly. I'm tired. It's been a long day." He loved touring but he was exhausted. The tour was only halfway through and he needed a break, something to take his mind off things. Touring ended up being surprisingly monotonous after the first few weeks and he always craved a change. He wished he had the energy to go to a bar, get laid, but he was too tired.

"Poor baby. Long day at your secret generic job."

"Exactly. Pity me Eds, tell me a story. How was your class?" Richie had already memorized Eddie's schedule. It wasn't even on purpose, he was good with numbers and knowing when he could call Eddie made things easier. Eddie hadn't told him where he lived, just the time zone so Richie knew it was the East Coast (possibly near him? He refused to think about it) and that Eddie went to bed by midnight sharp.

Richie had started to think of him as a gremlin. Don't feed, water or talk to after midnight. He had started ending the calls by 11:45, just to keep himself safe. He liked mogwai Eddie a lot but he'd avoid gremlin Eddie at any cost.

Eddie hummed. "Class was boring. As usual."

"Such a thrilling conversationalist, Eds."

"What if- what if I want to talk about something else?" Eddie's voice dropped into some sultry.

"What are you saying?" He asked, trying not to get excited. They'd stuck to Eddie's rules about no hanky panky. Eddie had sent him a few more sexy pictures- including a memorable one that featured him naked with only the flowers Richie sent to cover him, but nothing else.

"Maybe I want to help you. You sound like you had a rough day." Eddie practically purred into the phone. That voice was enough to make Richie's dick jump to attention, eager to hear what was coming next.

His brain though-

"Eds, you don't have to. I don't want you to if you don't want to. If you want more money or something-"

"I want to." Eddie insisted. "It'll help me too. I don't like- doing this alone. It's less dirty with someone else."

"Not if you do it right." Richie said, sitting up to shed his shirt and socks.

"Fuck off." Eddie said, without his usual heat. Instead, there was almost a whine there. Then, a pause. "I don't know how to do this though. I've never-"

"I'll help." Richie licked his lips. "Are you laying down baby? I want you to be comfortable."

"I am." Richie heard a noise, assuming that Eddie put his phone on

speaker. He did the same, wanting both hands for this.

“What are you wearing? Tell me in detail.” Richie wanted to start slow, ease Eddie into it.

“My pajamas. Shorts and some weird band shirt you sent me.”

“Mouse rat?” Richie asked, smiling at the thought of Eddie wearing something he’d sent.

Eddie hummed. “That’s the one.”

“That’s a really fucking cute image.”

“Not really going for cute right now.” Eddie said, sounding annoyed.

“Don’t worry, I’m great at going from cute to sexy. Okay Eds, can you run your hand up that sexy, toned stomach and up to your nipples? Give them a little squeeze.”

“*Oh*,” Eddie’s exhale was enough to tell Richie that he was listening to the directions. His dick liked the sound, growing harder as Eddie whined. He ignored it, focused on Eddie.

“And the other one. Can’t leave that one out.” Richie directed. Eddie let out another breathy moan, this one longer.

“How’s it feel?”

“So good, Richie.” Eddie replied. “Oh, I like this.”

“Me too, Eds. Those noises are really hot.” He swallowed, trying to imagine how Eddie looked, laying on his bed with his blond hair fanned out around him, touching himself. It was a damn good image. “Now slide one of those hands down, over your shorts, just cup yourself a little.”

“Hrng.” Eddie’s reply was strangled.

“Don’t grip it yet. Tease yourself a little. Palm yourself. I want you straining against those damn shorts.”

"I already am." Eddie told him. "*Fuck*."

"Send me a pic baby."

He heard some shuffling and then a message popped up. Richie opened it, lazily palming himself as he opened the picture. It was Eddie's bulge, straining against those damn red shorts.

"Are you hard, Richie?" Eddie asked. "I wanna see."

Richie wasn't about to refuse. He grabbed his phone and snapped a picture, trying to keep the hotel room out of view. He focused only on the bulge in his jeans.

"Oh Richie, you look huge." Eddie sounded so impressed, it was great for Richie's ego. "Can I touch myself now? I wanna."

"Yea baby, do you have lube?"

"Mhm," Richie heard some movement then a cap popped.

"Take those shorts off baby, don't want to ruin them." He directed. "Tell me exactly how it feels, I want to hear everything."

"Yes, sir."

Now, Richie groaned. Eddie had jokingly used the nickname on him a few days ago and Richie had let out an embarrassing groan when he did. Now, Eddie was determined to include it wherever he could.

"Baby, you know how much I like hearing that. And you." Richie had never been shy about how damn sexy he found Eddie. Even if they weren't sexually involved, he wanted Eddie to know how attractive he was. Eddie had been shy about it at first but the praise was growing on him.

"Mm, want you to hear me. I wanna hear you too." Eddie replied, his voice barely a whisper.

"You will, sugar. One thing at a time." Richie had to press down on himself, thinking about how Eddie probably looked now. "Now don't grip too hard, I want you to go slow. Use that other hand to play with

your balls.”

“Fuck, Richie, I want more though, wanna cum.” His voice was strained, Richie could tell it was an effort to obey.

“I know but the payoff will be so much better.” Richie promised. “Nice and loose, okay?”

“Mhm,” Eddie agreed, moaning into the phone. For a few minutes, Richie just listened, encouraging Eddie and enjoying his moans.

“Richie, fuck, this feels good. Are you touching yourself too?”

“Not yet baby, I wanted you to cum first.” Richie said, adjusting himself. His erection was begging for attention but he was still ignoring it. “I want to hear you. Slide your thumb over your slit.”

“Oh *shit* . God, it feels so good.”

Eddie voice was thready now, less words and more moans.

“Can you send me another picture? I wanna see how hard you are.” It was more than he’d asked for before, Eddie’s bare cock with nothing covering it. “You can say no.” He added, not wanting to pressure him.

“Only if I get to see you too.” Eddie replied. “And if you let me cum.”

“Deal.”

“I’m going to take a video- as soon as I can figure out how to grab my phone without getting lube on it.”

Richie laughed. “Even when you’re about to cum you’re fastidious.”

“Have you gotten lube on a phone screen, fucker? It sucks.” Richie listened as the phone moved, Eddie sounded farther away now, his breaths heavier.

“Do whatever you need to baby, I want you to cum, want you to feel so damn good. I wish I was there. I wish it was my hand on you-” Richie imagined how Eddie looked, biting his lip, his hand moving

faster and faster, body tense then-

“Richie, I’m gonna- *shit* !” There was a loud groan and he imagined Eddie going taut then boneless, sinking into his mattress.

He waited a minute then asked, “Still there, Eds?”

“Yea I just, fuck, it’s been a while.” He sounded breathless, satisfied. The sound moved and then Richie had a video.

“I want my pic now.” Eddie told him.

“So bossy.” Richie shed his pants and underwear and took himself in hand, pumping a few times until he was fully hard then snapped the photo.

He sent Eddie the picture, feeling oddly nervous about what he’d think.

“Fuck, you’re huge.” Eddie said, sounding impressed.

“You have to say that, I send you money.”

“Can’t it be both?”

Richie was idling stroking himself, wondering if Eddie would want to hang up now. He seemed like the type to want to shower after sex. He was still rock hard but he could wait if Eddie wanted to say goodbye.

“The point of this was to help you, you know.” Eddie continued after a second.

“You still can.” Richie said, his dick responding to Eddie’s voice.

“I’m not as good as you.”

“Tell me what you’d do, if we were together.” He said, resisting the urge to stroke faster.

“Oh, that’s easy.” He heard Eddie settle back. “After that picture, I’d want to take you in my mouth, see how much of you I can swallow.”

“*Shit.*” Richie hadn’t been expecting that, he had to squeeze the base of his dick to stop himself from cumming. “How much do you think you could take?”

“Oh, most of you.” He said. The matter of fact tone almost made Richie laugh. “But I’d tease you first, lick a little, take only your head. Then, when you were begging for more, I’d slide down, tasting you. I bet you taste amazing.”

“Fuck Eds, you’ve got quite a mouth on you.” Richie’s hand was moving faster now. He couldn’t help it, the image of Eddie’s mouth wrapped around him was too much. He imagined it, Eddie on the floor in front of him, looking up at him with those big brown eyes.

“I’d gag on you.” Eddie purred. “It’d be so fucking good.”

“Fuck!” With that, Richie was cumming, white stripes shooting over his stomach and bed as his orgasm blinded him for a second. He took a few deep breaths then picked up his phone. “Are you sure you’re new at that?” He asked.

“I’m a quick learner.” Eddie replied, clearly pleased. “And you’re a good teacher.”

Richie glanced at the time, seeing they were approaching the gremlin zone. “I should let you go, Eds. I’m sure you want to clean up. Thanks for making my night.”

“You too, Richie.”

After cleaning up, Richie sent Eddie a \$100 with an eggplant and peach emoji.

When he woke up the next morning, Eddie hadn’t responded. It was strange but he decided that the guy could be busy. He rode the high from last night all through the day, feeling renewed by it.

But by the end of the day though, Eddie still hadn’t replied. They were sleeping on the bus that night so Richie hopped off to take a walk and call the other man.

“Hi,” Eddie answered, sounding annoyed.

“Hey Eds, how’s it hanging?”

“Fine.”

He frowned, that was a cold answer. “How were your classes?”

“Boring.”

“Well that’s no good, you need to spice them up. Suggest opening a lube company.”

“Hm.”

He gripped his phone harder. He knew Eddie well enough to know when he was acting odd. “What’s wrong over there, Eds? Not loving these answers.”

“Nothing. I mean, I’m answering like your sex toy, right? Isn’t that what I am? I get you off and you send me money? Do you even care about my classes or job?”

Richie was taken aback, trying to think of what he could have done. When nothing came to mind, he asked, “Where the hell is this coming from?”

“Nowhere. Nothing. It’s fine. I’m fine.”

Richie stared down at his phone, half expecting Eddie’s new cat claws to reach out and attack him. “You clearly aren’t. Do you want to fucking talk to me about it or just be pissy?”

He heard a loud sigh from the other end then silence. Looking at his phone, he saw that Eddie hadn’t hung up, which he took as a good sign.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” Richie asked, softening his voice.

The reply was small, very un-Eddie like. “You sent me money. After.”

It took a second for Richie to figure out what he meant. “After we had phone sex?”

“Yes.”

“That’s the deal. I send you money and you- well, you look pretty.”

“You don’t let me see your face.” Eddie continued, still sounding petulant. “I send you pictures of me all the time.”

“I thought you liked what we had.” Richie said, still reeling from what Eddie was telling him. He thought that Eddie had a pretty sweet deal- send the occasional picture, talk to him, make cash.

“I thought I did too.” He could almost picture Eddie, sitting on his bed, knees pulled to his chest.

“What do you want then Eds?”

Another long pause followed. Then, “I don’t know. I need some time, I think.”

A younger Richie would have fought that, told Eddie that they could talk this out, figure something out. But this Richie was older, maybe a little wiser, so he just said, “Take all the time you need.”

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

A few days before meeting Richie asked if Eddie wanted him to bring anything.

“Chocolates? Gift cards? A blow up doll?” He asked, taking a walk to get off the tour bus. He wasn’t even sure where they were but he knew they were heading east. Probably.

“A clean STI test.” Eddie replied.

Richie dropped his phone. He had to scramble to stop it from going in the river. “What?” He croaked when he picked it up again. “What did you- what?”

“You heard me.” Eddie sounded embarrassed but firm. “I’ll get one too.”

It was a week before Richie heard from Eddie. A long and boring week. It wasn’t until they weren’t talking that Richie realized how much everything reminded him of Eddie. Every piece of red clothing or spicy food made him think of the other man and he’d find himself reaching for his phone, only to put it back when he remembered that he’d promised to wait.

He almost texted Eddie numerous times, his thumbs hovered over send on several iterations of the same message, but he always ended up deleting them. He had put the ball in Eddie’s court and he wasn’t going to take that away from him. Eddie was the one who was upset and Eddie needed to decide what he wanted -even if every part of Richie wanted to give him a little push towards him.

When he finally got the text from Eddie, he was at the gym- a requirement from his agent- and he nearly dropped a weight on his foot in his haste to check his phone.

‘I want to meet you .’ Eddie had sent. *‘To see your face. That’s what I*

want, that's my condition.'

Richie stared at the message, debating what to do. When he'd downloaded the app, he thought that it would be easy, send some money and get some chucks in return. He'd never expected to fall for someone. He'd spent the week trying to convince himself that it was anything else, that he liked Eddie's sass and ass and nothing else, but deep down he knew there was more there- at least for him.

Then his phone buzzed with a phone call. Eddie.

"You must really miss me hot stuff." Richie said in lieu of a hello.

"Maybe I miss your money." Eddie replied sharply.

He laughed. Even if Eddie hadn't missed him he'd certainly missed the other man. Even hearing his voice now made him smile. "Did you call daddy to ask for your allowance?"

"I'm hanging up."

"No!" Richie was quicky to protest. "Why did you call?"

He heard Eddie swallow and the other man paused. "I know you said you wouldn't meet me. Ever. But I'm hoping that you'll reconsider."

"You gonna convince me Eds? Use those puppy dog eyes on me?" It would probably work, not that Richie was going to say that.

"No. I was going to tell you that- that I missed you. But I can't do this with someone I can't even picture in my mind."

"Just picture Chris Evans baby."

Eddie snorted and Richie was sure he was shaking his head. "I doubt that. Look, I'm sure you have your reasons for not wanting me to see you but- I hope you reconsider. That's it. I've got to go, I have class."

Eddie hung up, leaving Richie alone with his thoughts. He wanted to meet Eddie, wanted to see the man in person, but he was still worried about what would happen, that Eddie would run to the papers and out him. No matter what he felt, he still didn't know a lot about

Eddie besides that he needed money. A gossip rag would probably pay him something for a story like this. Richie knew it was a terrible idea to even contemplate meeting him, to let Eddie see his face.

He picked up his phone to text Eddie exactly that but instead his fingers typed out ‘ *where do u live?*’ The traitors.

This would be it, Richie was going to Boston for his tour and then back home. Eddie was probably somewhere in the deep South, where he refused to go.

‘*Boston*’ came the near immediate reply. ‘*Why?*’

“Fuck me,” Richie mumbled, staring at his phone. He’d known that Eddie probably meant that he wanted to meet over the phone but this-

Well, Richie didn’t believe in fate but this was something close and it was slapping him across the face.

‘*I’ll be there next week. Let me take u out, u pick the place.*’

Richie was expecting Eddie to pick somewhere expensive and he wasn’t disappointed. The man picked an expensive looking seafood place and Richie made reservations for the following week.

‘*You better fucking show up. Don’t send some fake Richie*’

‘*No way, Im not letting sum chump steal my date.*’

They started texting again, even talking on the phone. It was all PG-13 or below though, Richie wasn’t going to push it and Eddie still seemed reluctant. A few days before meeting Richie asked if Eddie wanted him to bring anything.

“Chocolates? Gift cards? A blow up doll?” He asked, taking a walk to get off the tour bus. He wasn’t even sure where they were but he knew they were heading east. Probably.

“A clean STI test.” Eddie replied.

Richie dropped his phone. He had to scramble to stop it from going

in the river. "What?" He croaked when he picked it up again. "What did you- what?"

"You heard me." Eddie sounded embarrassed but firm. "I'll get one too."

"Does this mean- do you-"

"I don't know." He replied. "But I know that if I decide that I do want to do that, I want to know you're clean."

"Baby, I'll be so clean that I'll make fucking Mr. Clean look like he lives in the sewers along with that weird clown people keep wanting to fuck."

"What?" Eddie was laughing and it made Richie smile. "You're so weird."

"Soon, I'll be weird in person." Richie said, stopping to look at the water. "How does that make you feel?"

"Are you my fucking therapist?" Eddie asked without real anger. "Scared, excited, hopeful, anxious. What about you?"

"The same. A little horny." He could imagine Eddie's eye roll.

The other man scoffed. "You know what I look like. How will I even recognize you?"

"I'll be the best looking one at the restaurant, baby."

A snort. "Try again."

"What's your favorite color? I'll wear that."

"Green. A nice bright green."

"You fucking got it."

Two days later, Richie was at the bar of Grand Catch, looking for Eddie while trying not to look like he was looking for him. He'd arrived stupidly early, unable to stop pacing in his hotel room and

now he was sipping a scotch that was meant to calm his nerves but was having the exact opposite effect. A million things were running through his mind- most of them worries that Eddie would take one look at him and run. He was starting to wonder if this was a good idea.

“Richie?” He heard a familiar voice ask. Richie turned and saw Eddie in the flesh. It was so much better than over the phone and Richie had to remind himself to breathe. Eddie was in a fitted green shirt and dark gray slacks, his hair was done and he was somehow managing to look cute and sexy all at once. He looked amazing and Richie felt like a discount shag rug next to him.

“Hi, Eds.” He said, standing and offering his hand.

Eddie smirked at it. “A handshake?”

“Not sure what the proper protocol is here.” He said with a shrug. He was trying not to stare at Eddie but it was hard. He wanted to taste Eddie, to run his hands over the man’s arms and- fuck, he wanted it all.

“I think a hug is okay.” Eddie offered and Richie was more than willing to take him up on that. Richie pulled Eddie to him, smelling his cologne and shampoo. Eddie’s arms wrapped around him just as eagerly, leaning against Richie’s chest. He hadn’t realized how much he’d like the height difference until he found out that he could rest his chin on the top of Eddie’s head, letting him curl into Eddie even more.

“I like the shirt.” Eddie said quietly, his hand moving to rest on Richie’s chest as he fingered the fabric.

“It’s made of sugar daddy material.” Richie muttered. Eddie laughed against him and the noise made Richie’s heart sing. “I had to buy it, I didn’t have anything green.”

“You should, it’s a good color on you.”

Richie didn’t want to let the other man go- and may not have if the waiter hadn’t come for them. He insisted on pulling out Eddie’s chair

for him, which the other man complained about, but seemed to secretly like. After they ordered drinks, Richie placed a small box on the table and Eddie eyed it suspiciously.

“What’s in the box?” Eddie asked.

“Certainly not your wife’s severed head.” He joked, pushing it across the table.

“Gross.” Eddie wrinkled his nose as he opened it. On top was Richie’s STI test. Richie gave Eddie a second to read it, watching his eyes scan the words.

“Clean as a whistle.” He said, needing to break the silence. “Probably even cleaner, I don’t think people actually clean whistles. Have you ever seen someone clean one? I mean it’s not like they sell whistle cleaners- do they?”

“Shut up.” Eddie told him good naturedly. “I’m clean too.” He slid a piece of paper over to Richie, who took it and put it in his breast pocket.

“I’ll read it in bed.” Richie explained. “My first love letter from you.”

“You’re so weird.” He said, looking at what else was in the box. Eddie’s eyes grew to the size of saucers as he saw the other item that was nestled among red tissue paper. “What the hell!” He hissed, quickly putting the lid back on and covering up the gold vibrator.

“In case you saw me and ran the other way. I wanted you to get off one way or another.” Richie leaned in and tapped the box. “Of course, it’s not as big as me but,” He shrugged.

Eddie shook his head, trying to hide a smile. “I don’t know why I thought you’d behave more in public.”

“I never behave baby, unless someone makes me.”

Eddie’s reply was cut short by their waiter stopping by. Eddie ordered lobster while Richie got shrimp and a variety of appetizers. He refused to let Eddie leave hungry.

“Why’d you agree to meet?” Eddie asked once they were alone again.

“Right to the real questions.” Richie said, finishing his drink.

“You were pretty damn adamant before.”

Richie debated how to respond. His initial thought was to make a joke but he didn’t think that Eddie would appreciate that. So he went with the truth.

“I didn’t want to lose you.”

The look of surprise on Eddie’s face told him that it was the right option.

“Then why wouldn’t you show me your face before?”

“You don’t recognize me?”

Eddie shook his head. “Should I?”

“Google Richie Tozier.” He instructed, thankful that their fresh drinks appeared as Eddie was reading.

“You’re famous.” Eddie sounded shocked.

“And not for restricting women’s reproductive rights like you thought.” He joked. This was the real moment of truth. Now Eddie could ruin him, if he wanted to.

But it didn’t look like that was Eddie’s plan. He was still scrolling through Richie’s wikipedia page, his lips pursed. “Are you funny?” He asked.

“Obviously.”

Eddie looked at him as if to say that it wasn’t obvious at all. “I’ll watch some of your videos tonight and decide myself.” He said, putting his phone down.

“You know,” Richie started, wetting his lips and deciding to go in for

the whole shebang. "If you want, I can provide you some commentary, make sure you pick the best skits, give you the behind the scenes scoop, tell you what clips I vomited before performing."

"How sexy." Eddie smiled, sipping his drink. "We'll see how the rest of the night goes."

Richie nodded, that was the best he could have hoped for.

The date went amazingly well. Richie had expected the transition from over the phone to in person to be awkward but it wasn't. Eddie was just as snarky and funny in real life and Richie loved being able to see all his reactions and little quirks, like how he wiped off the lip of his glasses before drinking (*no one washes wine glasses like they're supposed to, it's disgusting*) or how he carefully examined his food (*sometimes there's a hair, you have to check!*). By the time they ordered dessert, Richie was completely smitten.

"Are you getting cheap now?" Eddie joked after Richie ordered one dessert for them to split.

"Maybe I wanted some romance." He said. "One dessert, two spoons."

"I think that's a porn." Eddie joked, a small smile playing at his lips.

"God, you're perfect."

Eddie flushed at the compliment, shaking his head. "You're just drunk."

"The two aren't mutually exclusive." Richie said, reaching out to brush his thumb over Eddie's lip. They'd been flirting all night and Richie couldn't resist touching him now. Eddie's eyes fluttered at the touch.

"I want to take care of you, Eddie. However you'll let me."

The dessert appeared and Richie took a spoon, cracking the top of the creme brulee then lifting it to Eddie's lips.

Eddie looked skeptical. "I can feed myself."

"I know that. But I want to feed you. Humor me." Eddie accepted this, leaning in and hollowing his cheeks far more than was necessary as he licked the spoon clean. Richie had to stop himself from groaning.

"How can you be so sexy eating a fancy pudding?" He asked, watching Eddie take a spoonful then lick the back.

"It's a gift."

Richie didn't know if Eddie was trying to rile him up on purpose but either way everything Eddie did seemed designed to make Richie's pants tighter.

Richie paid the bill, leaving a generous tip and they stood. A burst of cold air hit them as they walked outside and Eddie wrapped his arms around himself. Richie slipped his coat off, draping it over Eddie's shoulders.

"I'm fine," He protested, sliding his hands into the sleeves. The coat was far too big on him and it was adorable. Richie wished he could take a picture but he was sure Eddie would hate it.

"Clearly."

Richie stopped, seeing that Eddie was heading one direction. They hadn't talked about what happened next. "I'm the other way." He'd booked a hotel near the restaurant, just in case.

Eddie looked up at him, the picture of faux innocence. "Aren't you going to show me those videos?"

Richie grinned, relieved that he hadn't misread the whole night. He was pretty sure that Eddie liked him too. He'd caught the man staring at him throughout the night. "Hell yes, Eds. It's time for the best of Tozier classic videos, take me to your humble abode."

"We need to take the subway, is that okay?"

"I'll pay for a Lyft." Richie said, not loving the idea of a long ride back. He spent most of his time on the road, he avoided it whenever he could.

Eddie nodded, giving Richie his address as he ordered a car. They slid into the back seat, talking comfortably. Eddie moved next to Richie, taking his arm and putting it over his shoulder. "I'm cold." Eddie said when Richie looked down at him.

"In that case." Richie leaned in, blowing a breath of hot air on Eddie's neck. It made Eddie giggle and push him away.

"Stop! That tickles!"

"Oh I'm definitely not stopping now." Richie said, trying to blow on Eddie again. Eddie's hand came up, covering his mouth.

Richie licked it, making Eddie cry out. "You're disgusting!" He said, wiping his hand on Richie's coat.

"You're the one on a date with me."

Eddie stilled at the word date and Richie realized he'd gone too far. "Or whatever. You probably like being licked."

A cough reminded him that they were still in the Lyft. Luckily, the car was slowing, pulling up to a dilapidated apartment building. Richie made a note to add a good tip as they got out.

"My apartment is- sparse." Eddie said as she walked up to the front door. "I didn't have a lot of money for furniture. Don't judge it." He seemed anxious, like he expected Richie to turn tail and run at the sight of it.

"I would never." Richie said.

Even with the warning, Richie was surprised by the state of Eddie's apartment. He'd expected Eddie to have used or run down furniture but that wasn't the case. He didn't have any. It was a small studio apartment with a futon, mirror and a lone stool by the kitchen counter. Richie saw an old laptop on the floor and not much else. There was room for more, for a bed or even a small table but Eddie didn't have anything.

"I never have much money left after I pay for tuition and books." The other man explained, clearly uncomfortable. "And buying furniture is

expensive. Plus I moved a lot for a while, it didn't make sense."

"Okay." Richie nodded, trying not to sound like he was judging. He wasn't, he didn't care if this was what Eddie wanted but his strong sense was that it wasn't. "Where do you sleep?"

"The futon folds out." Eddie pointed. "It's fine for just me."

Richie looked at the lumpy mattress and severely doubted that that was true.

"Are you okay?" Eddie asked. Richie realized that he still hadn't moved from the doorway. He didn't like that Eddie was living like this. He itched to check the cupboards and see if there was food in them. He'd known that Eddie needed money but hadn't realized how badly. "Richie?"

He shook his head, deciding that that was a problem for later. Eddie was grabbing his ancient laptop and pulling it to the couch. "I'm good. Pull up youtube and I'll show you just how hilarious I am. I can't believe you've never heard of me, prepare to laugh your socks off."

"I doubt that," Eddie mumbled but he still listened, clicking on the videos that Richie pointed to. Soon, they had a variety of Richie's videos queued up and Richie was watching Eddie's reactions.

At first, Eddie didn't seem amused at all. But then Richie saw the corners of his mouth twitch up once or twice. He finally broke at Richie's sketch of his bad date, talking about how the man insisted that he could teach Richie to fly fish.

"Did you really get a hook caught on your lip?" Eddie asked, laughing so hard that tears came out of his eyes.

"A-yup. Nothing like an ER trip to really kill the mood."

"Oh my god . You are a walking disaster." Eddie said, clicking on the next video. He laughed at that one too, making Richie's heart soar.

Eventually, Eddie shut his laptop, looking up at him. They were nestled close on his small futon, Richie's arm was around Eddie. He

felt like a middle schooler who was worried his parents would walk in any minute. He wanted to pull Eddie closer, preferably into his lap, but stopped himself, enjoying having Eddie this close.

“You talk about your dick a lot.” Eddie said, glancing down at Richie’s crotch. His cock twitched in interest, as if to invite Eddie to see for himself.

“There’s a lot of it to talk about.”

Eddie raised an eyebrow. “Usually the guys who talk about it the most are the ones working with the least.”

Richie laughed, shaking his head. “You wound me, Eds. You saw a picture! You know what little Richie looks like.”

Eddie nodded, wetting his bottom lip with the tip of his tongue. Richie didn’t know if it was meant to drive him crazy but it certainly did.

“Pictures.” Eddie repeated, nodding. Then, in a smooth motion, he straddled Richie’s lap, his legs on either side of Richie’s. “You know, I sent you a lot of pictures.”

“You did.” Richie agreed, staring up at Eddie. Sitting like this, the other man towered over him, his chest even with Richie’s mouth. Richie desperately wanted to lean in and take Eddie’s nipple in his mouth, through his shirt. He wanted to hear Eddie fall apart.

But Richie didn’t move, not until he was sure where Eddie was going.

“Did you get off to them?” Eddie asked, his hands on Richie’s chest. “Did you touch yourself when you looked at them?”

Eddie sounded genuinely curious so he nodded. “I did. You’re- you’re fucking hot, Eddie. And sexy. I had to excuse myself from more than one meeting because I couldn’t stop thinking about your ass.”

“Which one was your favorite?” Eddie asked, his hands moving to Richie’s hair and playing with it.

“That one of you after you worked out.” Richie’s eyes closed as he remembered it. He’d gotten hard nearly instantly when Eddie had sent it.

“You were all sweaty and wearing that black tank top. Your arms-” Richie opened his eyes to stare at the arms in question. Even covered by sleeves he could tell that Eddie was buff. “Your arms looked damn good. And those thighs-” Richie raised his hands, placing them on Eddie’s thighs and squeezing. “I thought that I could suffocate between them.” He ran his hands over Eddie’s legs, enjoying how the other man’s eyes darkened. “What a way to go.” Richie said to himself.

He let his hands slide up to Eddie’s waist, where his shirt was tucked into his pants. “But what got me was how you had your thumb hooked into your shorts, pulling them down just a little.” Richie moaned at the memory. “It was like you were teasing me with the promise land. I could see the outline of your cock, begging to be touched.” He thumbed at the v in Eddie’s hips, pressing against it. “I wanted to touch you so bad , Eds, you looked so fucking good.”

“I remember that.” Eddie said, his voice decidedly more hoarse. “You had sent me some flirty text about how your hands could cover my whole ass. I thought about it my whole work out.” He glared at Richie. “Do you know how hard it is to work out with a half chub?”

Richie shook his head. “I can honestly say I don't.”

“I think you should make it up to me.” Eddie continued, arching his hips slightly. “You got off from my pictures, I think you should return the favor.”

“Happily.” Richie’s let his hand slid to Eddie’s crotch, palming him. Eddie keened into it, tugging Richie’s hair a little. “Tell me what you want baby, anything.”

“I want those hands on me. I want you to touch me.”

Richie wasn’t one to argue with such a reasonable request. He moved to Eddie’s button, undoing it and the zipper slowly, enjoying the hiss that escaped from Eddie’s lip as it slid over his growing erection.

“Even your underwear is sexy.” Richie muttered, staring at the black briefs that greeted him. Eddie’s cock was straining against the fabric, begging to be touched.

“Richie.” He whined. “Don’t just look.”

“So impatient. Let me enjoy seeing this in real life.” He said, pressing his palm to Eddie’s erection and sliding over it, feeling Eddie grow under him. Eddie threw his head back and moaned.

“What a sound.” He muttered, slipping inside Eddie’s briefs and pulling his cock out. Richie couldn’t help but admire how it twitched as he ran his hand over it, begging for more.

“Can you take your pants off baby? It’ll be so much better.” He said, looking up at Eddie. His eyes were screwed shut, chest heaving.

“Okay- okay yea.” Eddie stood, shedding his pants, socks, and underwear. After a second of hesitation, he stripped off his shirt too, standing in front of Richie naked.

He couldn’t stop himself from groaning at how good he looked. “Fuck, warn a man before you do that. You’ll give me a heart attack.”

“Okay, old man.” He said, smirking at Richie as he stepped back in, about to sit on his lap again but Richie held out a hand.

“Do you have any lube? I want to make this amazing for you.”

Eddie nodded, grabbing a small bottle from a small table next to the futon and tossing it to him.

“Climb abroad, sonny.” Richie said, patting his leg as he popped the top, pouring some onto his hands and warming it up.

“No, not a good nickname.” Eddie said as he moved back on top of Richie. “Reminding me how old you are is not sexy.”

“An older more experienced man isn’t sexy?” Richie asked, taking Eddie’s cock in one hand. His fingers formed a loose O, starting to slowly jerk him off. “I’ve got lots of tricks up my sleeve.”

"More experienced is debatable." Eddie said. His breath caught as Richie continued to stroke him. Richie watched Eddie's facial expressions, how he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, how pink his cheeks became. He tried to memorize all of them.

"But we can compare notes later." Eddie added as he leaned in, hands pressing against the wall behind them. It put his chest within reach of Richie's mouth and he wasn't about to waste the opportunity to kiss the other man, ducking his head so he could take Eddie's nipple in his mouth, swirling it with his tongue.

"Fuck," Eddie's forehead fell against Richie's.

"Wanna hear you baby, tell me what you like." Richie said, thumbing at Eddie's slit. His other hand reached around Eddie's waist, finding his hole and pressing his thumb to the muscle. He felt Eddie tense as he did, a small gasp escaping his lips.

"That. Shit, I like that." Eddie moaned. "I want more."

"Can I mark you?" Richie asked, mouthing at Eddie's clavicle. "Wanna give you something to remember me." He punctuated this by circling Eddie's hole with his finger, teasing him.

"Yes, please. Want people to know I'm yours. That you're my-" Eddie was cut off as Richie started sucking his skin. It was below where his shirt would cover, Richie didn't want Eddie to come down from this high and be angry he had a mark.

His hand tightened around Eddie, starting to jerk him off in earnest. Eddie was panting against him, hips thrusting with Richie's hand. Richie twisted his wrist, earning a cry from Eddie.

"I'm so close," Eddie panted. "Richie, please."

"You fucking taste like sugar." Richie said, finally removing his mouth and looking at his work. "You can cum, baby, whenever you want."

"I need to move." Eddie said, making no effort to do so. "Your shirt-probably costs more than my rent. I can't get cum all over it."

Richie chuckled that Eddie had the presence of mind to think of that. "Don't you dare move. I want you to cum on me, Eds. I can get this shirt cleaned but the memory of you on top of me will last forever." To punctuate his words, he pressed against Eddie's hole, his hand moving even faster. All he could hear was Eddie's panting, punctuated by the occasional moan. It was music to his ears.

Then he felt Eddie tense, all of him going taut. "Fuck- Richie!" He cried out as he came, white ropes painting Richie's shirt. He stroked Eddie through his orgasm, watching his expression go from ecstasy to relaxed.

After a minute, Richie let him go and Eddie leaned back, sitting on Richie's legs. "Fuck, I'm all over you." Eddie said, staring at his shirt.

"I know, it's pretty fucking hot." He said but Eddie was already standing, coming back with paper towels and wiping Richie off.

"Did you want-" Eddie glanced at the tent in Richie's pants. And god, he did want. He wanted Eddie's hands on him, his mouth. But he shook his head, this had been about Eddie, not him.

"I want to see you tomorrow." Richie said. "That's what I want."

Eddie smiled, nodding. "I have class until 11 but after that I'm yours."

"I like the thought of that."

Notes for the Chapter:

Yes, this got 2 more chapters added. The more people who get the severed head joke the faster I'll write chap 3 :P

(maybe) (it sounds like a good offer right?)